The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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Summer.

Summer, summer! who so fair
Of the spirits sent to earth!
Here and there and everywhere,
Radiant beauty, music, mirth.

In the beech trees light and shade
In the quiet cattle's rest,
In the deeper, greener blade,
In the chirping fledglings nest.

In the larks that rise and sing,
In the games upon the green,
In the insects' murmuring wing,
In the river's languid sheen.

In the church's ivied tower,
In the daisies on the grave,
In the garden's rosy bower,
In the corn-fields emerald wave.

In the fields with dewdrops sown,
In the wandering zephyr's sigh,
In the ditch with nettles grown,
In the clouds that fill the sky.

In the balm of quiet night,
In the moon's more peaceful ray,
In the songs of waking light,
In the burning heat of day!

Angel summer, sent to earth
In these mortal raiments drest,
All thy wealth of light and mirth
Is God's love made manifest.

B. W.

A Daisy Chain.

A FLOWER SERMON,

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

Amid the clustered flowers whose varied raiment puts to shame the costliest products of man's loom and needle, and whose sweet perfumes are an ever-ascending incense kindled by the sunbeams and needing no earthly fire, we may dispense with a formal "text."

Or rather, we will follow the example of Jesus, who took for a text the "Lilies of the field," and showed them to be tokens and shadows of things heavenly. But, as we are living in England and not in Palestine, the "Daisies of the field" must take the place of the "lilies."

Wordsworth, speaking of Peter Bell, a pedlar, says:—

> "A primrose on the river brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

The eye can only see that which it has the capability of seeing. Everyone of us must remember, with some humiliation, that innumerable wonders may exist before our eyes, and yet that we have never seen them until they were pointed out to us.

In the course of his life the pedlar had travelled England and Scotland, from the shores of Cornwall and the frowning Cheviots to Ayr and Aberdeen. Sea-shore, inland road and country lanes, were alike familiar to him.

"He roved among the dales and streams,
In the greenwood and hollow dell."

But for him Nature had no voice.

The flowers were blossoming upon the roads which he travelled, and might have enlivened his journey, but to him they had no real existence, and for aught that he knew they might have been so many clods or stones.

Now we will suppose that a little child passes over the same ground, and comes upon the flowers. He is enchanted with them, and they seem to him like fairy-land. To a child, flowers are the most beautiful toys. He plucks as many as he can gather, and then sits down to play with them.

Some of the daisies he links into chains and hangs them round his neck. Others he ties up in bunches, and others he sets in the ground, making a fictitious garden with them. Others again he pulls to pieces, in the sheer wantonness of childhood, and after awhile, finding that the flowers are drooping, he becomes tired of them, flings them away, and thinks no more about them.

Now there comes a professional gardener. He is learned in his own way, pedantic, full of strange "names" and modern instances, formal, conscientious, and self-complacent.

He sees the daisy by the roadside, and passes by over it as something far too despicable to have the honour of his notice. In his eyes it is a weed which must be exterminated whenever it shows itself in his garden. Daises and primroses are to his mind all very well for children's toys, and he leaves them to the children.

Next comes a botanist.

He is exactly the converse of the florist. He despises artificially developed flowers or fruit, and only cares for them as they grow naturally, unaffected by human interference.

He studies the structure of the plants, he generalises and reduces them to system. Suppose that the daisy and primrose were new plants, and that the botanist happened to pass near them. His practised eye would at once detect them, and he would sit down to study them.

Like the child, he would pull them to pieces, but the same act would have a widely different aspect. The child destroys the flower from mere wantonness, and thinks no more of it, but the botanist takes its different parts reverently asunder for the purpose of learning the mysteries which lie hidden within it.

Peter Bell would see no distinction in the botanist and the child, and with the contempt that is born of ignorance, would despise the man of science as no better than a baby. It would be even impossible to explain to him the vast difference between the child and the man, because his uncultivated mind would be as incapable of receiving such ideas as a bare rock would be incapable of nourishing the flowers which he derides.

Now comes the physiologist, who takes up the study of the flower where the botanist has left it.

He analyses the intimate structure of the flower. By the aid of the microscope, he discovers the wonderful system of cells and tissues which enable the daisy to hold up its head on so slender a stem, to yield to the fiercest blast and raise itself again as soon as the storm has passed.

He tries to discover, but as yet has not succeeded, the mechanism by which the daisy closes its flowers in the evening and opens them in the morning. In the animal world he naturally looks for sinews and muscles, but among vegetables there is neither nerve nor muscle, and yet there is movement precisely similar to that of many beings which are acknowledged to be animals.

The spectroscope reveals the character of the juices that circulate through the plant, and give one colour to the leaves, another to the petals, and another to the yellow flowers that cluster together in the centre of the flower, and constitute the "eye" of the daisy.

Chemistry goes still farther, and resolves the entire structure into its constituent elements.

But the physiologist goes deeper still into his subject. He knows that if the daisy were nurtured in the dark, the leaves would not be green, the petals white tipped with pink, and the florets yellow, but that the whole of the plant would be of a dull sickly white.

If, when the flower dies, it is allowed to lie in the sunbeams, it is speedily "bleached," as we call the process. In other words, the sun gave the colours for the use of the plant as long as it lived, and when it died, the sun took its colours back again. The sun's rays are needed in order to give the plant its beauty. In the morning

the daisy responds to the earliest sunbeams by opening its petals to receive them, and in the evening it closes its petals until the sun shall again rise.

Every ray of light that falls upon the daisy, that gives green to its leaves and tinges its flowers with golden, yellow, white, and pink, has been shot from the sun, and binds together the flower and the sun. Within the last few years it has been discovered that a ray of light can act the part of an electric wire, and that audible sounds can be transmitted by it. Now let us bear in mind that as the countless stars which stud the sky are all of them suns, and that some of their rays must fall upon the daisy, it is evident that the daisy is linked by each ray not only to our own solar system, but to the suns of a universe too vast to be comprehended by any human intellect.

The physiologist, too, knows how the animal and vegetable worlds are so linked together that the present vegetables and present animals could hardly exist if either were deprived of the other. He knows that animals breathe atmospheric air, deprive it of its oxygen, and transmute it into carbonic acid gas, which is a deadly poison to animal life.

He also knows that plants breathe carbonic acid gas and transmute it back again into oxygen for the use of animals. He knows that not a breath which is exhaled from his lungs is wasted, but is immediately inhaled by the countless mouths of the plants, and converted from a deadly poison into a necessary of life.

Here then is another link of the Daisy Chain, the flower being intimately connected with man by the mutual interchange of breath.

Again, the physiologist regards with ceaseless wonder the chemistry which draws the stem, the leaves, the flowers and seeds from the earth, employing as its only visible means the tiny white rootlets that look like mere structureless threads. Even the microscope and spectroscope give no help to him in unveiling this mystery, and he is obliged to acknowledge that the ways of the Lord are past finding out.

Yet one more step. Hitherto we have been restricted to matter, but there are some who are not content with matter, but deal with substance, *i.e.*, the mysterious essence which underlies (*substans*) matter, and makes it to be what it is.

For instance, within a square foot of the same soil, we may see grass-blades, daisy, primrose, and nettle.

They exist under precisely similar conditions, they are nourished by the same soil, they are watered by the same rain and dew, they breathe the same air and are warmed by the same sun. To all external appearance, the root-fibrils are alike, and yet the invisible and intangible essence within the plants causes the fibrils to extract from the soil the long-parallel fibres of the grass-blades and flinty coating that strengthens their stems, the venom-bearing stings of the nettle, soft and pale yellow petals of the primrose, and the radiating blossoms of the daisy.

Here then the daisy forms a link between the seen and the unseen worlds, that of which our senses can take cognisance, and that which, although our sense cannot discern it, our reason tells us must exist.

Lastly, we have one who recognises this mystery of all living things, who feels in himself, too, the fact that man does not possess a spirit but is a spirit, and temporarily possesses a material body which brings him into connection with the material world in which he is temporarily placed by God's providence. He knows that as regards his spirit, he lives in the spirit world, just as regards his body, he lives in the material world.

And this is the last link in the chain of wonder and mystery of this little flower of the field and its link with the spirit-world and God.

How wonderful is the world in which we live, provided that our eyes are open to its wonders, and how revently should we contemplate the meanest flower that our Creator has taken the trouble of fashioning in such marvellous perfection. Let us hope that some, at least of us, may for the future look upon every flower with different eyes, and when we see even the humble daisy, may we see in it a link of the mystic chain that links heaven to earth, and connects the world of temporal matter with that of the Eternal Spirit.

To include man in evolution is not to lower man to the level of Nature, but to raise Nature to his high estate.—*Drummond.*

A Flower Service.

[*As at this season of the year Flower Services are frequent, we have much pleasure in giving the following "Order" for such a service, selected from "The Carol," an American Sunday School Hymn and Tune Book, edited by our friend Rev. C. W. Wendtz.*]

I. HYMN: "*Summer suns are glowing.*"

II. INTRODUCTORY SENTENCES.

Consider the lilies how they grow,
And the roses how they bloom!
Consider who maketh the grass to spring for cattle,
And herb for the service of man!
And filleth the land with fineness of wheat,
And covereth the valleys with corn!
It is God who hath made everything beautiful in its time,
In the beauty of holiness may we walk before him.

III.

HYMN: "*Earth with her ten thousand flowers.*"

IV. RESPONSES.

[*To be repeated alternately by Minister and Children.*]

COME let us praise the Maker of this glorious world;

By the beauty of flowers and the glad voices of children.

Immanuel! "God is with us," even as he was with the Christ,

He is with us here, in the might of his spirit and his love.

The mighty work of his creation is going on forever,

In the following of the years, and in the joy of each new spring-time.

The earth lay long in the frost and snow of the winter;

But God was taking care of it, and blessing it in secret ways.

The deep snow protected the tender root;

And the flowers were not dead, but sleeping.

The spring-time comes like the breathing of a father's blessing;

And his sleeping children of the soil awaken into leaf and flower.

Oh, what a glorious world is this in which he maketh our dwelling;

And how wonderful are the outcomings of his power.

The mighty waters, with their ceaseless motion, roll from shore to shore;

The everlasting mountains lift their snowy heads on high;

Far away are the deep, dark forests of cedar and pine.

And the vast prairies lie in the burning sunshine;

The cornfield and the garden gladden us with their promise of good;

The green grass borders our common ways with pleasantness.

And everywhere it is the same mighty Life,

In which all things live and move and have their being!

God is in the forest depths and far away on the lonely ocean;

God seeth the little flowers on the mountain height,

God is with the shepherd on the plains, and the labourer in the corn;

God is with us in our daily walk, among the streets of the city.

God is with the father at his toil, and the mother in her household care:

God is with the children, at their books, or in their play.

Let us praise God with our lips, and serve him in everything we do;

And think of him with happy hearts every day we live.

(*Contributed by Rev. Brooke Herford.*)

(*To be followed immediately by the chant.*)

V. CHANT.

"*The Lord is my Shepherd.*"—PSA. 23.

VI. FIRST SCRIPTURE READING.

WHEN I was yet young, or before ever I went astray, I desired wisdom openly in my prayer: and even to the end will I seek her out. Even from the flower until the grape was ripe hath my heart delighted in her; my foot went in the right way; from my youth up I sought after wisdom. For I purposed to do what was wise, and earnestly to follow that which was good. For the good man is as the sun shining upon the temple of the Most High, and as the rainbow giving light in the clouds: as the flower of

roses in the spring of the year, as lilies by the rivers of waters, as the branches of the trees in the time of summer. But when I perceived that I could not otherwise obtain wisdom except that God gave it to me; and that it was a part of wisdom also to know whose gift she was, I prayed unto God, and with my whole heart I said:

PRAYER.

O GOD of my fathers, and Lord of mercy, give me wisdom that sitteth by thy throne, and reject me not from among thy children: that I may know what is pleasing unto thee. For what man can know the counsel of God, or what the will of the Lord is, except thou give wisdom, and send thy Holy Spirit from on high!

From the O. T. Apocrypha.

VII. ANTHEM OR HYMN.

VIII. PRAYER.

O LORD of heaven and earth, we bless thee for thy gracious bounty! In this summer season of fulness and plenty, thou dost scatter thy blessings with an open hand, making even the waysides and lonely places rich with beauty. Thou art our Father; and with the reverence and wonder of adoring children, we behold thy works and seek to know thy ways. Thy life gives to the flowers their grace and their beauty; and we hear thy voice in the songs of the birds, in the gentle breezes, and the flowing waters. May we gain a double blessing from this festival of flowers,—the blessing of beauty, and the blessing of holy teaching! Gracious Father! there are flowers that may be opened within our hearts,—fair blossoms of fidelity, and charity, and peace. Shine upon us by thy light, that these graces of character may give forth their fragrance. May no outward thing pass from our sight till it has filled our minds with some new lesson of wisdom and of goodness. So may the mind of Christ be formed within us, that henceforth and always we may live in the spirit of the prayer which he has taught us:—

Our Father, who art in heaven, etc.—*Amen.*

IX. HYMN.

(*Selected.*)

X. ADDRESS.

XI. HYMN.

XII. CHILDREN'S BENEDICTION.

(*All repeat.*)

Kind hearts are the gardens,
  Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
  Kind deeds are the fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
  That warms into life,
For only in darkness
  Grow hatred and strife.

Quill and Steel.

Joseph Gillott did not invent the steel pen, any more than James Watt invented the steam-engine, or George Stephenson the railway. He only did, in his own peculiar way, what those illustrious men had done before him; he perfected that which he found already in existence, but inchoate and inoperative, and rendered available and cheap that which before his time was either unavailable or costly. The steel or iron pen is as old as history, and, under its classic name of stylus, was the medium of introducing in modern language that which we call the style or manner of a writer. Not only iron and steel, but gold and silver pens were manufactured for the dainty before the days of Gillott. But all of these were expensive articles. Gillott was employed as a grinder in the manufacture of steel pens, which were made by hand, and sold at the rate of about three shillings and sixpence each. The correspondence of the world—its business, its loves, its friendships, and its quarrels—were all carried on by the aid of the quill, called by the Germans feder, by the French plume, and by ourselves pen, from the Latin penna, a feather, so that the people of these great nations, unaware of the solecism, inaccurately and habitually speak of steel feathers, whenever they mention those little implements for the transmission of thought which the people of this latter half of the nineteenth century are compelled to use. If no substitute for a goose-quill had been discovered, it is evident that the world could not have maintained a tithe of its present correspondence, unless goose and other fowls had been bred in extraordinary numbers for the pluckage of their wings. Forty years ago Mr. Gillott employed

six hundred girls and young women, besides machinists, in his manufactory—and produced between one hundred and fifty and two hundred millions of steel pens annually. It would be an interesting little sum in arithmetic, to calculate how many geese would have to be reared, and fed, and afterwards robbed, for the supply of such a vast consumption of quills as is represented by Mr. Gillott's figures. When he first began to manufacture steel pens, he had great and manifold difficulties to contend with. People did not approve of steel pens, and would not write with them. Social conservatives, such as bankers, great merchants, lawyers, authors, and others, would not admit them into their offices or studies, looking upon them with as much distrust, surprise, and aversion as the domestic servants and paupers of the present day look upon that wholesome Australian beef and mutton which they have not learned to appreciate. So great and long-continued in certain quarters was the prejudice entertained against steel pens, that it is recorded of a late master in one of the Superior Courts at Westminster, so recently as twenty years ago, that he took so much to heart the introduction of the objectionable article, in lieu of the quill, into the sacred precincts of the Queen's Bench, that he became firmly convinced of the approaching and inevitable downfall of British liberty and the British nation—which he thought he could distinctly trace to this daring and sacrilegious innovation. The worthy man—like the love-sick lady in the ballad—is said to have drooped his head and died, in consequence of this cruel blow, which was aggravated, to his sensitive mind, by the fact that his lordship on the bench, not only actually used the pernicious implement, but publicly declared it to be an improvement upon the time-honoured feather of the goose! This blow was too hard to bear, and the good man never entirely got over it.

But the unreasonable prejudices of the public, which at this early period of his career were still more formidable, did not discourage Mr. Gillott. After awhile, though in a small way, he introduced the agency of steam into the manufacture, by which he was speedily enabled to supply a much cheaper and an infinitely better article. After a very few years he began to accumulate wealth, and it was reported of him that he was fearful of opening a banking account, lest the fame of his earnings should attract rivals into the business, but kept his sovereigns in earthern jugs—as if they were pickles—or sewed them into old stockings, or into the mattress of his bed. By degrees, however, the demand for steel pens increased so much that he was unable to supply it, although he largely extended his factories and the number of his workpeople. The secret of his wealth and its sources could be preserved no longer, and rivalry and improvement went hand in hand, until the steel pens in Birmingham became known and approved all over the world. By the time that the penny post came into operation in Great Britain, and afterwards in other countries, the steel pen was ready for the millions of people who had scarcely ever written letters before, and who could not have profited by the beneficent boon if the goose and the crow had continued to be their only providers.

A visit to Mr. Gillott's or any other great pen factory in the "toy-shop of the world" (for "toy" in the trade phraseology of Birmingham is a word that designates not only pens, but pins, needles, buckles, cork-screws, nails, hammers, and every conceivable tool that can be manufactured of metal), is one of the things which every traveller who comes to England from a far country must "do," just as he "does" Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, Winsdor Castle, or the Trosachs. The sight is exceedingly interesting, and includes a far greater variety of processes than a spectator, previously uninformed, might imagine. From the unrolling of the finely tempered sheets of steel, not thicker than cardboard—from which the first rude body of the future pen is pierced by the delicate but all-powerful agency of steam—to the several processes of curving, slitting the nib, polishing, drying, and packing, the little implement undergoes a long series of manipulations and transformations. Men are only employed in the care of the engines and the reparation of the necessary machines by which the several results are obtained. All the rest of the work is performed by women, whose deft fingers are better suited than those of men for the dainty operations required. The work is light—pleasant in itself—and unlike the labour employed in the manufacture of artificial flowers and grasses, and

many others where women and children are employed, involves no detriment or even danger to the health, while the wages are much higher than can be obtained by needlework, or other forlorn occupations to which unskilled workers of the softer sex are compelled to resort to earn a bare subsistence. The pen-makers, as a rule, are well paid, and when out in the streets of Birmingham in their holiday costumes on Sundays or other days of leisure, present not alone a highly respectable, but so gay and showy an appearance, as to prove that the prosperity of Birmingham must react very considerably on that of Coventry, Manchester, Derby, and Paisley, and all others that grow rich by providing finery for the ladies.

The quantity of steel pens annually turned out of the factories in Birmingham, judged by the number produced by the one firm of Gillott and Company, cannot fall far short of fifteen hundred millions. The actual business of the world in buying and selling, and keeping accounts, employs, it must be supposed, about three-fourths of them—leaving some three hundred and fifty millions, or thereabouts, for love and idleness, for friendship, acquaintance, and politeness, and last, not least, for literature. What becomes of them all when they are all worn out?—for the steel pen is too cheap to be worth mending. The same question has been asked about pins and needles, and can only receive the one reply: that like the men and women who make and use them, they return, when they have served their purpose, to the earth from which they came; and out of which nothing can be taken without ultimate restoration.

Darkness.

The sun is the eye of day,
Yet its light conceals
The life of a thousand suns
Which night reveals.

And love is the sun of life,
Yet its light conceals
The vision of an ampler love
Which death reveals.

CHARLES W. STUBBS.

"Be your own palace or the world s your gaol."

Historic Notes on Midland Churches.

No. IX. Part I.

WHITCHURCH—THE PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL.

Ministers.

BROAD OAK, FLINTSHIRE.

Philip Henry, M.A.	1672-1696
Samuel Benion, M.D.	1696-1706
Robert Pell	1706-1707

WHITCHURCH (DODINGTON), SHROPSHIRE.

(Chapel opened 13th September, 1707.)

David Benion	1708-1725
Thomas Colthurst	1726-1738
John (?) King	1738-1739
Ebenezer Keay	1739-1779
John Jones	1780-
Thomas Rees	
Henry Procter	-1782
Thomas Jenkins	1783-1815
David William Jones	1815-1818
Joseph Marriott	1818-1823
John Philp	1823-1826
Richard Shawcross	1827-1844

(Divine worship discontinued.)

Historic Note.

At the end of the third volume of the registers of Dodington Chapel there is copied, by the Rev. Thomas Jenkins, an extract from his common-place book entitled "A Brief Account of the Congregation of Protestant Dissenters, meeting for the purpose of Public Worship at the old Chapel at Dodington, Whitchurch." The first portion of this account, relating to the Broad Oak congregation, is as follows :—

"It was founded by that excellent man, Mr. P. Henry. After his ejection from Worthenbury, he retired to Broad Oak, near Whitchurch, where he erected a place of worship, and gathered together a pretty numerous congregation. This good man died in the year 1696, aged 65. To him succeeded Dr. Samuel Benion, who, though a very young man, was eminently qualified to be a proper successor to Mr. P. Henry. In 1706 he removed to Shrewsbury, to succeed the celebrated Mr. James Owen, who died in that year, Mr. Tallants being then far advanced in years, notwithstanding which he survived Dr. Benion a few months—for the Doctor died

in the prime and vigour of youth, aged only 35. As the greatest part of the congregation at the Broad Oak consisted of the Whitchurch people, in the year 1706—the year in which Dr. Benion left them—I find from a letter from Mr. Yate, of Danford, close to Whitchurch, to Mr. M. Henry, that they were building the chapel at Whitchurch, to which, when finished, the congregation removed thither. But for some time after they continued to preach a monthly lecture at Broad Oak, till Mr. Warburton, who, though the son of good Mr. M. Henry, was an enemy of all righteousness, ordered the pulpit to be pulled down."

Let us now try to supplement this account from other reliable sources. On 7th May, 1672, Philip Henry made this entry in his diary:—"This day I received my license, unsought and unexpected, procur'd by Mr. Steel, sent in a post letter to Mr. Yate, who had publisht it before I knew it, else my intention was to have said nothing awhile." This licence, dated at Whitehall, 30th April, 1672, permits "a Roome or Roomes in the house of Philip Henry, in Malpas Parish, Flintshire, to be a place for the use of such as do not conform to the Church of England, who are of the Perswasion commonly called Presbyterien, to meet and assemble in, in order to their Publick Worship and Devotion."

In June, 1689, the Toleration Act became law, and Broad Oak chapel was registered, and Philip Henry was prevailed upon "to preach at public time every Lord's Day, which he continued to do while he lived." Matthew Henry tells us the Broad Oak "meeting-place was an out-building of his [P. Henry's] own, near adjoining to his house, fitted up very decently and conveniently for the purpose." Here Philip Henry "constantly celebrated the solemn ordinance of the Lord's Supper in his congregation once a month, and always to a very considerable number of communicants." He died on 24th June, 1696, and was buried in S. Alkmund's Church, Whitchurch, where the entry runs:—"Burialls, 1696. June. Mr. Phillip Henry, of Broad Oak, in the pish of Malpas—late minister of Worthenbury, in ye County of Flint—27th." His successor, Samuel Benion, was "solemnly set apart to the work of the ministry [24th January, 1699] by the laying-on of the hands of Presbyters at *Broad-oke, plebe præsente*," on which occasion Matthew Henry preached from Isaiah, c. 6, v. 8—"Here am I, send me." Dr. Benion was followed at Broad Oak by Robert Pell, "of Whixall," who died on 21st May, 1707, aged 25, four days before Mrs. Katharine Henry, the widow of Philip Henry. Both were buried in the parish church of Whitchurch, and their funeral sermon was preached at Broad Oak on 28th May, by Dr. Benion, who calls Pell "this hopeful preacher."

The last reference to any service at Broad Oak would seem to be that by Matthew Henry, who preached there in the afternoon of 23rd July, 1713.

The Mr. Warburton alluded to in the above extract was Philip Henry, son of Matthew Henry, who assumed his mother's name of Warburton. He was member of Parliament for the city of Chester, never married, and lived much on the continent. The old house at Broad Oak was pulled down by his orders about 1746.

It is of interest to note that Samuel Benion, M.D., was son of Daniel Benion, of Ash, and grandson of — Benion, brother of Philip Henry's wife's mother. David Benion, the first minister of Dodington chapel, was son of Dr. Samuel Benion.

David Benion was ordained at Whitchurch, on 13th April, 1708, by "Matthew Henry, Mr. Doughty, D. Jones, Lawrence of Nantwich, and Jenkin Evans, of Oswestry." He died in Bath on 1st May, 1725. His first entry in the register is dated on 18th July, 1708; his last on 10th December, 1724.

In Dr. John Evans' list, preserved in Dr. Williams's library, there is this reference to the Dodington congregation about this period:—"Whitchurch, M [market town], David Beynon died 1725. Culcheth [Colthurst?], 300 [Hearers], 30 [County Voters], G [Gentlemen] 6, T [Tradesmen] 30, F [Farmers] 44, Y [Yeomen] 20."

GEORGE EYRE EVANS,
Whitchurch, in Salop.

(*To be continued.*)

Everything has been said before and said over again after.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Feeding the Fairies.

Fairies, fairies, come and be fed,
Come and be fed like hens and cocks;
Hither and thither with delicate tread,
Flutter around me in fairy flocks.
Come, little fairies, from far and near;
Come, little fairies, I know you can fly;
Who can be dear if you are not dear?
And who is so fond of a fairy as I?

Fairies, fairies, come if you please,
Nod your heads and ruffle your wings;
Marching in order or standing at ease,
Frolicsome fairies are dear little things!
Golden the grain and silver the rice,
Pleasant the crumbs from mamma's own bread,
Currants picked out of the pudding are nice—
Fairies, fairies, come and be fed!

Hushaby, oh! Hushaby, oh!
Hide by the door, keep very still—
I must be gentle, I must speak low,
Or frighten the fairies I certainly will.
Fairies are easily frightened I know;
They are so small, we must pity their fears.
Hushaby, oh! hushaby, oh!
Coax them and humour them—poor little dears!

Fairies, fairies, why don't you come?
Fairies, fairies, wherefore delay?
In a few minutes I must run home—
Cross little creatures! you know I can't stay!
See how I scatter your beautiful food—
Good little fairies would come when I call;
Fairies, fairies, *won't* you be good?
What is the use of my speaking at all!

Wild Flower Puzzles.

[The first is a common enough flower, but still one of the greatest favourites. If you dig up a root of it and take it home and plant it in good earth, it will greatly improve. Here is a list of what goes to comprise it. The initial letters read down give its name; the finals read down tell what change happens to it when cultivated.]

1. A famous schoolmaster.
2. A Japanese potentate.
3. A farewell.
4. A tribe of robbers (the word reversed.)
5. An educational establishment.
6. A native of New York.

II.

[The second flower will cost you some trouble and the risk of a wetting. In this case when you read down the initials you learn the name, and when you serve the finals the same, you learn where it is found.]

1. A favourite Scotch name.
2. A feature of volcanic eruptions.
3. An outrage.
4. A beautiful sentiment.
5. A space of time.

III.

Here is a pretty flower and an early one too. They grow in great numbers in the woods, and give a beautiful colour to the grass at the foot of the trees. The name is a compound. Read down the initials for the first half; read down the finals for the second.

1. Part of a hook.
2. The entrance to a park.
3. An adverb of time.
4. A wriggling fish.

[Answers to the above should be sent te the Editor, 120, Gough Road, Birmingham, on or before August 20th.]

Answers to July Puzzles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"And it was truly this he said." "This" that the gardener said is the complete answer—JULY—HEAT.

Josep H.
UndinE.
L lam A.
Y ach T.

Right answers have been received from Dorothy Clare Madders, Mary Balmforth, and H. C. Turner.

CHARADE.

CREW-SEW. CRUSOE.

Answered right by Dorothy Clare Madders, Maggie Mills (Graham Street School), and H. C. Turner.

A SQUARE OF EVERY WORD PUZZLE.

LION.
INTO.
OTTO.
NOON.

Answered right by Dorothy Clare Madders Maggie Mills, William Fox, and H. C. Turner.

A String of Seed Pearls.

FROM DRUMMOND'S "ASCENT OF MAN."

The Struggle for Life has not been the only actor in the drama of Evolution; there is a second and equally important part played by what may be called *The Struggle for the Life of Others!*

The vicarious principle is shot through and through the whole vast web of Nature, and if one actor has played a mightier part than another in the drama of the past, it has been self-sacrifice.

Nothing is in finer evidence as we rise in the scale of life than the gradual tempering of the Struggle for Life.

In Evolution creation has shown her hand.

To associate these supersensuous things intellect and consciousness, with the animal kingdom is not to identify them with the animal body. Electricity is linked with metal rods, it is not therefore metallic. Life is associated with protoplasm, it is not therefore albuminous. Instinct is linked with matter, but it is not therefore material; intellect with animal matter, but it is not therefore animal.

Perhaps, after all, Victor Hugo is right: "I am the tadpole of an archangel."

The struggle for life assumes the august form of a Struggle for Light.

Love is not a late arrival, an after-thought with creation. It is not a novelty of romantic civilisation. It is not a pious word of religion. Its roots began to grow with the first cell of life which budded on this earth. Love is a form of the Struggle for the Life of Others.

The Struggle for the Life of Others is the physiological name for the greatest word of Ethics—Otherism, Altruism, Love. From Self-ism to Other-ism is the supreme transition of history.

The significant note of Reproduction is Ethical, the development of Otherism—its immediate and inevitable outcome. Watch any higher animal at the most critical of all hours for itself—the hour when it gives birth to another creature like itself. Pass over the purely physiological processes of birth; observe the behaviour of the animal mother in presence of the new and helpless life which palpitates before her. There it lies trembling in the balance between life and death. Hunger tortures it; cold threatens it; danger besets it; its blind existence hangs by a thread. There is the opportunity of evolution. There is an opening appointed in the physical order for the introduction of a moral order. If there is more in nature than the selfish Struggle for Life the secret can now be told. Hitherto the world belonged to the Food-seeker, the Self-seeker, the Struggler for Life, the Father. Now is the hour for the Mother. And, animal though she be, she rises to the task. And that hour as she ministers to her young, becomes to the world its hour of holiest birth.

Co-operation is as much a law of nature as competition—sociability as mutual struggle. If we resort to an indirect test and ask Nature "Who are the fittest to survive, those who are continually at war with each other, or those who support one another?" we at once see that those animals which acquire habits of mutual aid are undoubtedly the fittest. They have more chances to survive, and they attain, in their respective classes, the highest development, intelligence, and bodily organisation.

The system of things from top to bottom is an uninterrupted series of reciprocities.

It may be that a Mother teaches a Child, but in a far deeper sense it is the Child who teaches the Mother.

The first essential of a working religion is that it shall be congruous with man; the second that it shall be congruous with nature.

Tools are external hands. Levers are the extensions of the bones of the arm. Hammers are callous substitutes for the fist. Knives do the work of anvils. The vice and the pincers replace the fingers.

Marriage in Japan.

In the two neighbouring empires of China and Japan marriage is a civil right, except that in the latter, among certain sects, a Buddhist priest pronounces a blessing over the newly-wedded pair. A striking peculiarity in the practice of both these countries is that the festivities on the occasion of marriages, and which form an important part of the ceremonial, take place at the bridegroom's house. In both countries, too, the marriage is arranged, often long beforehand, by the parents, and generally through the medium of a go-between. In Japan, if the lady's family accept the advances made by the go-between, the latter takes her a present from his employers, the acceptance of which, as it were, seals the contract, and there is then no drawing back from it. This present, of course, varies according to the position in life of the high contracting parties, but it usually consists of some pieces of white and other silk, an embroidered girdle, and wine and confectionery, the quantity of which is regulated by well-known custom; no return present, be it observed, is made by the lady. Custom further demands that presents should be sent to the parents of the bride elect, and they are required to reciprocate the compliment with presents of precisely equal value.

In China, a man rarely sees his wife till she is brought to his house on the nuptial day; but the Japanese are more sensible in this respect, for after the couple have been betrothed, in which ceremony both families partake, they are allowed and even encouraged to meet, and thus become acquainted with each other's character. The Japanese customs coincide with the Chinese in another respect, besides those mentioned before, in that it is not usual for a wife to bring a dowry with her; but she is generally furnished with an exceedingly good *trousseau*.

Early marriages being the rule in the east, the marriage between the betrothed pair in Japan is usually solemnised when the bride and bridegroom are respectively about sixteen and twenty years old.

On the morning of the nuptial day, the bride's *trousseau* is taken to her future home, and carefully set out for the inspection of the guests at the approaching festivities, much in the same way as wedding presents are in our own country, except that, in the latter case, the display, as well as the "breakfast," takes place in the bride's home. The preparations for the ceremony are next commenced. "In the chief room a domestic altar is erected; adorned with flowers and laden with offerings; and in front of this altar, images of the gods and patron saints of the two families are hung. The aquariums are supplied with various plants, grouped picturesquely and with symbolical significance. On the lacquer-work tables are placed dwarf cedars and small figures representing the first couple accompanied by the venerable attributes, the hundred-year-old crane and tortoise. To complete the picture by a lesson in morals and patriotism, some packets of edible seaweed, of mussels, and dried fish, are placed among the wedding presents, to remind the young couple of the primitive food and the simple customs of the ancient inhabitants of Japan."

Towards noon on the auspicious day, the bridal procession arrives at the apartments which have been prepared as above described. The bride is veiled and attired in a white silken robe, the veil being also of white silk, and sometimes used as a sort of mantle: she is led by her two bridesmaids, and attended by a numerous retinue of relatives and friends, all dressed in as gorgeous attire as they can afford. According to Humbert, the bridesmaids are called, by the Japanese, the male and female butterfly, and are supposed to personify, in their dress, &c., that couple which, according to the popular theory, sets such a laudable example of conjugal fidelity! These bridesmaids (we adopt the nearest English term) are a most important element in the marriage ceremonial, for upon them devolves the duty of putting the guests in their places, and superintending the various arrangements for the nuptial meal. When the bride and bridegroom first meet before the assembled relations and guests, the former, for this occasion only, takes the seat of honour, her future lord sitting at the side and below her.

At the nuptials of persons of high rank some curious ceremonies are observed, which are omitted by those of lower degree, such as the pounding and mixing together of two bowls of rice (the staff of life in the East), some mummery with a pair of lighted candles, &c.

The binding or vital part of the marriage ceremony in Japan seems to be very similar to that which obtains among the Chinese, and consists in the bride and bridegroom drinking, according to a set form, nine tiny cups of wine, or, rather, saki. On this point, Humbert, in his work quoted before, remarks: "Amongst the objects displayed in the midst of the circle of the guests is a metal vase, in the form of a pitcher with two mouths: this vase is beautifully ornamented. At an appointed signal one of the bride's ladies fills it with saki; the other takes it by the handle, raises it to the height of the mouths of the kneeling bride and bridegroom, and makes them drink alternately, each from the pitcher mouth, placed opposite to their lips, until the vase is emptied. It is thus that, husband and wife, they must drink from the cup of conjugal life—he on his side, she on hers; but they must both taste the same ambrosia or the same gall. They must share equally the pains and sorrows, as well as the joys, of this new existence."

This ceremony is, among the higher classes, followed by some rather intricate customs with regard to the service of eatables and potables, but usually the bride now changes her dress, and a meal consisting of three courses is served. In olden times it was the practice for the pair to change their robes several times during the ceremony, but this is not now done, and we learn from the work just cited, that when the bride changes her dress, she "puts on the silk robe which she has received from the bridegroom, while he dons the dress of ceremony, which has been brought by the bride." The bride next pays her respects to her husband's parents, to whom she makes presents of silk dresses. A slight repast is then partaken of, and some curious drinking ceremonies are observed, every one drinking nine little cups of "saki." If, however, the bridegroom's father and mother be dead, he takes her to make her obeisance before the tablets which bear their names.

One very strange custom, connected with marriage in Japan, is that a wife in that country blackens her teeth, and plucks out or shaves off her eyebrows, in evidence of her fidelity to her husband. Brides in the upper ranks of life usually go through the former operation before they leave their ancestral homes, the latter being performed shortly after the nuptial ceremony. The mixture for blackening the teeth is said to be composed of metal filings, saki, and gall nuts; and the custom must be a very unpleasant and troublesome one to Japanese ladies, for the operation has to be gone through nearly every day, if they wish to keep their teeth the proper colour. Japanese wives, too, need behave themselves with the utmost discretion, for their spouses are said to have the power of killing them on the slightest suspicion as to their actions.

A Budget of Horrors!

(Spoken at the Old Meeting Church, Birmingham, on Sunday evening, July 1st, 1894.)

TEXT: "The Newspapers, Monday morning, June 25th, 1894."

Newspapers have been called "The common Scriptures of the People." And when we search these daily scriptures what sad and tragical things do they often bring to light. Scarcely a day passes without its moving tale of accidents by flood or fire; of disasters here and shipwrecks there; of precious human lives lost in ministering to our welfare or comfort; of other human lives blotted out by murder or suicide. Day by day, year in year out, the ghastly record goes on. What tale is there so tragic, what sudden destruction so terrible, that we cannot match it or find a companion for it in recent or in former story? If to-day we read of a boiler explosion, last year there was one only too similar; if our newspaper brings us tidings of a wreck, the storms of last winter furnished us with wrecks nearly every day. If to-day, labouring men are buried in the explosion of a coal mine, but a few months since others were drowned or suffocated there. Accidents to life, limb, or property, are of quite common occurrence. One day the light-hearted and light-footed skater falls through the thin trembling ice, and another day the swimmer or the rower is carried away at the very moment of keenest enjoyment. These things and their like are familiar to us as household tales; they are so common that we are in great danger of becoming callous to them.

But there are occasions when the mind is arrested and every heart is chilled by the news of

some more than ordinary catastrophe flashed through the wires from the ends of the earth, and laid before us in our newspaper at the morning meal. Such an experience those of us call to mind who remember the assassination of President Lincoln, or the wreck of the Eurydice, or the fearful explosion at the Oaks Colliery, or the hideous holocaust of 2,000 women in the burning Cathedral of Santiago. At these tragical moments in human history the most frivolous are for the moment, at least, made serious, the most reckless are softened, the most thoughtless are troubled in mind and heart.

Such a moment of deep and sad experience have we known during the week just passed. Who among us opened his newspaper last Monday morning without soon laying it down, sick at heart, shocked, stupefied by the budget of horrors with which it was filled. First came the murder of the kindly, upright, high-minded President of the French Republic. Then followed the accounts of six suicides, and lastly there was the story of the fearful overwhelming calamity at Pontypridd, when 300 miners perished in a moment, without warning, without chance, caught in the black smoke and tongues of flame as of a volcano. The blood almost froze in one's veins at the accumulation of horrors upon horrors, and for a moment one's faith in a Divine Providence staggered beneath the repeated blows. No doubt, in a few hours the sad impressions were mostly effaced, and men turned lightly again to their pursuits and pleasures. Yet I should be sorry to think that the impressions left us exactly as they found us. Surely there is not one but must have felt more than before the terror, solemnity, and pathos of human life, the tragedy of the sacrifice which human government and mere human convenience often involves. Such events as those recorded last Monday strike us, fasten on us, give us food for thought. When a great man falls the news appeals to us with a force which dismisses all lesser thoughts and cares. He was prosperous, he was strong, he had his own way in the world, everything succeeded with him, unexpected honours came to him, everything yielded to him, he was just the specimen we should have selected of a fortunate man, and now he is no more! There is something in these contrasts which is overwhelming, which stops the current of human thought, and takes us quite out of ourselves. And when such an one falls by the dagger of the assassin—falls because having been placed so high he became the mark for the madness, the hatred, the revenge of those who are at war with all society, then the gloom deepens, and men and nations are made sober and serious in spite of themselves.

Yet to me the awful catastrophe at Pontypridd quite overshadows the tragedy at Lyons. Everyone of the three hundred entombed in that mine was the son of a mother who loved him even as his mother loved President Carnot; everyone was as dear to wife or child, to brother or sister, to friend or sweetheart; the death of each common miner brought as great a darkness and as keen a pain into a human home as the death of the French President. And the sadness is intensified when we remember that while the fall of the elected chief of a great people is after all an exceptional event, the sacrifice of the lives of men who toil to build up the wealth of the community and minister to its comfort is quite common. Everyday thousands of men go forth to their labour carrying their lives in their hands, and not a single day passes but some perish. In providing for us the necessities of life, to say nothing of its luxuries, blood is spilled like water on the ground. Little and seldom do we think at what a frightful cost that life of plenty, safety, and convenience is purchased which we enjoy as a matter of course and right. We sit in comfortable ease, sucking dry the fruits of a well-ordered existence, made possible for us by the bloody sweat, the privations, and the sacrifice of human lives in a thousand directions. The very provision of the food on our tables and the fire on our hearths, that which seems so natural and cheap, is "the blood of men that went in jeopardy of their lives." What myriads toil and struggle and suffer amid smoke and blackness, amid choking fire-damp and explosive coal-dust, amid poisonous vapours, amid perils by sea and perils by land, amid the miasma of rice-swamps, amid northern snows and tropic heats, that we may live our pleasant lives without danger or care.

Such an event as the Pontypridd disaster brings all this clearly to view, and startles the mind by making us realise at what a cost the necessities of our civilization are secured. Most of

us are shut out from the dangers of which I have been speaking. Work indeed is ours, but it is ours under conditions which make it safe, pleasant, and profitable. It is not ours to buffet with cruel storms, not ours to face the fiery furnace, not ours to descend the dangerous mine, not ours to dare the perils of the fisherman's lot, not ours to inhale at our work death-laden vapours, not ours to labour until the body breaks down into premature wreck by too heavy toil. We are saved by our circumstances from these dangers, and because our circumstances save us from these physical perils we are saved from some of the moral perils which beset our less fortunate brethren—the coarse and brutal temptations which come to men who work amid great dangers, and who find few pleasures at hand, few and meagre interests to absorb them, narrow and mean surroundings without refinement and without ease. But we are whipped by no such scorpions. We have no such compelling hunger. We have endless vents for excitement; we can spend ourselves in infinite directions; we can feed our emotions; we can expand our sympathies; we are nursed softly; we dwell in safe shelter; our susceptibilities are not imprisoned or undeveloped; things about us are full of grace, of gentleness, of fair delight. We may indeed fret amid our easy days and waste ourselves in the littleness of discontent; amid a thousand things that contribute to make ours a pleasant life we may take up with a mean and cowardly doctrine of Pessimism—(it is always those who have the least to complain of who are the most pessimistic: sailors, soldiers, colliers, fishermen, miners are never pessimists)—but the fact remains that we are are not in danger as other men, and are not tempted into the strong brutal sins or into the violent delights of those whose daily toil is full of peril to life and limb.

We ought to meditate on these things; we ought to be more thankful than we are to these our brethren who toil and suffer and die untimely deaths that we may live softly and securely; we ought to admire more than we do the frequent instances of virtue, heroic courage, consideration for others, manliness, sobriety, kindness, parental duty and religious fidelity found among the classes the very perils of whose lot constitute such a temptation to recklessness and brutality; we ought to be more anxious than we have yet shown ourselves to secure to them by legislative action some adequate safeguards against danger, and such social and economic conditions as shall secure to them a fair share of the joy of living; and, finally, we ought to be too humane, too sympathetic, too magnanimous to join in the cheap sneers of the vulgar well-to-do who jibe at the aspirations of these classes when expressed in such cries as "A living wage," or "An eight-hours' day."

Surely this is part of the teaching, surely these are some of the lessons of such a terrible disaster as that at Pontypridd.

News from the Field.

BIRMINGHAM (*the Old Meeting Church*).—The annual Confirmation service was held on Sunday morning, July 1st. There was a large attendance, and much interest manifested in the service. There were 14 candidates for Confirmation, who had previously gone through a course of instruction in Mr. Wood's Bible class. After the Confirmation, the Communion Service was well attended by about 200 of the congregation, several staying who did not partake of the elements, but who wished to show their sympathy with the occasion. The annual excursion of the Old Meeting Guild was held on Saturday, June 30th, when 50 of the members spent a pleasant day at Bridgnorth. The annual excursion of the Sunday School was held on Tuesday, July 10th, when 400 scholars and teachers visited Berkswell, and spent a most enjoyable day. The church will be closed on Sundays, August 26th and September 2nd.

KINGSWOOD CHAPEL, HOLLYWOOD.—On Sunday, July 15th, the anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. Rudolf Davis, B.A., of Evesham. The congregations were very good at both services, the chapel being crowded in the evening, and the services thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The collections amounted to about £11. In the afternoon a large party of Birmingham friends and others sat down to a pleasant tea in the schoolroom, prior to evening service. The anthems, "Awake, put on strength" (*Callcott*), and "I will give thanks" (*Smallwood*), were sung by the choir, and special hymns by the children. Messrs. J. T. Smedley and Herbert H. Matthews officiated at the organ. At the close of the morning service, in accordance with an old custom, buns were distributed to the school children.

LYE.—The annual floral festival was held on Sunday, July 15th. There was a good attendance in the afternoon, and in the evening the chapel was crowded to the doors, many being unable to gain admission. The chapel was beautifully decorated, and the service was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The children and choir performed their parts well, and great credit is due to the

organist (Mr. J. Pardoe), and to the choirmaster (Mr. W. Perry).—*School Extension Fund, &c.* Amount acknowledged as promised or received last month, £76 13s. Later subscriptions:—F. Nettlefold, London, £10; T. Grosvenor Lee, Leicester, £5; T. C. Clarke, London, £2 2s.; Mrs. Colfox, Rox, Bridport, £2; C. Isaacs, Birmingham, £1 1s.; D. Martineau, London, £1 1s.; G. Thompson, Dudley, £1 1s.; F. Oliver, Cradley, £1; Miss M. C. Smith, Birmingham, £1; Miss Stoke, Kidderminster, 10s. 6d.; C. D. Badland, Kidderminster, 10s.; W. Cheshire, Birmingham, 10s.; Mrs. Elcock, Stourbridge, 10s.; Miss Isaacs, Birmingham, 10s.; F. W. Lloyd, Birmingham, 10s.; W. H. Talbot, Kidderminster, 10s.; Miss M. E. Watson, Evesham, 10s.; E. C. Theedham, Dudley, 5s.; H. J. Sayer, Birmingham, 5s.; Miss M. C. Gittins, Birmingham, 5s.; Miss Whitfield, Birmingham, 5s.; Dr. McIlwrath, Lye, 5s.; G. Brewster, Lye, 5s.; John Perks, Lye, 5s.; George Moyle, Lye, 5s.; H. Blessley, Portsmouth, 5s.; Thomas Taylor, Lye, 2s. 6d.; Henry Wooldridge, Lye, 2s. 6d.; W. Chambers, Lye, 2s. 6d.; E. Leonard, Cradley, 2s. 6d.; W. Williams, Cradley, 2s. 6d. Total amount subscribed, £107 16s.

SHREWSBURY.—The 104th anniversary of the Sunday school connected with the High Street Church was commemorated on Sunday, July 1st, when two excellent and appropriate discourses were preached by the Rev. Rudolf Davis of Evesham, and good collections taken in behalf of the funds of the school. On the following day the usual out-door gathering of the scholars, their teachers, and friends, took place at Haughmond Abbey. The excursion was much enjoyed, but was not so large as usual, in consequence of the somewhat unsettled state of the weather.

STOURBRIDGE.—A children's sale of work, held here on June 28th, for the benefit of the League of Pity (children's branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children) was very successful, producing £18 after payment of expenses. The stalls were stocked for the most part with handiwork of the girls and boys of our Children's Guild, who spent their fortnightly meetings during the previous eight months in making articles for the sale. Mrs. Timmins, secretary of the Guild, briefly explained, for the information of visitors, what it is, and with what aim its members had worked. The sale was then formally opened by Mrs. A. W. Worthington, who warmly commended the work of the N.S.P.C.C., and expressed the hope that a branch of the League of Pity might be formed at Stourbridge, where the National Society has already a local aid committee. A very pretty May-pole dance by little girls and an exhibition of wax-works were popular entertainments. The proceedings were also enlivened by singing.

WALSALL.—The anniversary services of the Walsall Unitarian Sunday School—the oldest in the town—were held in the middle of last month. The Rev. Joseph Wood should have officiated and preached at a week-night service on July 12th, but in his absence the Rev. P. Dean had to take his place, and gave an impromptu address from the text in Isaiah—"A little child shall lead them." In addition to showing how children lead us as posterity, and as leading on from the limits of each existing generation, the speaker showed what a new meaning was now given to this text by Professor Drummond's new book, "The Ascent of Man," which proved that all evolution and progress had really come by love engendered by offspring. On Sunday, July 15th, Mr. Dean again preached at the morning service, using the text, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." In the afternoon there was an interesting and enjoyable scholars' service and recital, at which the Mayor of Walsall (a Primitive Methodist) gave an encouraging and suitable address, and distributed the prizes for good attendance to the scholars. In the evening the pulpit was occupied by the Rev. Addison A. Charlesworth, of Newhall Hill, Birmingham, who preached an admirable discourse to a good congregation. On Monday night, July 16th, the annual Sunday school entertainment was held in the schoolroom, when an excellent programme of hymns, recitations, songs, banjo and violin solos, rendered by the children and elder scholars of the school, was gone through. The collections amounted to £7 5s., and altogether the anniversary is the best we have had here for some years.

WARWICK.—The congregation, at a meeting held on Friday, July 13—Mr. M. H. Lakin in the chair—resolved to invite Mr. Kirkham Gray to become minister, and the invitation has since been accepted. Mr. Gray was trained for the Congregationalist ministry, and was recently engaged at Dr. Horton's Mission at Kentish Town, London. He is commended by the Advisory Committee as a man of high character, in every way worthy of admission into the ranks of the Unitarian ministry. He will begin his duties at Warwick at once. The congregation look forward to the infusion of new life and interest under Mr. Gray's ministry; and the Committee of the B. and F.U.A. have made a grant of £40 for the first year in order to give the cause a fresh start. We are glad to hear that the Warwick Church has at last applied to be affiliated with the Midland Christian Union. This should have been done years ago.

WEST BROMWICH (*Lodge Road Sunday School*).—The Sunday School anniversary services at the Lodge Road Unitarian Chapel were held on Sunday, July 8th, the preacher both morning and evening being the pastor, the Rev. J. Harrison, who delivered two excellent and appropriate discourses. The children sang special hymns, and acquitted themselves in a manner which reflected well both upon themselves and those responsible for the training. The choir, which has acquired some celebrity for the excellent assistance they are giving in the cultivation of the musical taste of the town, also gave special musical selections. In the morning the anthem, "I will lift up mine eyes" (J. Clarke Whitfeld), was most satisfactorily rendered, and in the evening an interesting feature was an anthem "I was glad," the music for which had been specially written by Mr. J. R. Cooke, the organist. It contains both pretty and effective passages, and altogether it is a work upon which Mr. Cooke may be warmly congratulated. The congregations were fairly good, though the amount of the collection was scarcely equal to that of the previous year.

Midland Church Calendar for August.

ALCESTER: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. John Dale, Salford House. Service at 6 p.m.

ATHERSTONE: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. J. Howard, of Tamworth. Service at 3 p.m.

BIRMINGHAM: Church of the Messiah, Broad Street.
Minister:
Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Hurst Street Mission.
Minister: Rev. W. J. Clarke, 160, Pershore Road.
Services: 10-15, 2-45, and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Fazeley Street Mission.
Minister: Rev. T. Pipe, 59, Great Brook Street.
Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Newhall Hill Church.
Minister: Rev. A. A. Charlesworth, Reservoir Road, Edgbaston. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Old Meeting Church.
Minister: Rev. Joseph Wood, 120, Gough Road, Edgbaston. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Church of the Saviour.
Minister: Rev. J. C. Street, Bristol Road, Edgbaston. Services: 1 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: Small Heath, Little Green Lane Board School.
Minister: Rev. Edward J. Sale, 70, Whitmore Road, Small Heath. Service at 6-30 p.m.

BANBURY: Christchurch Chapel, Horse Fair.
Minister: Rev. H. Hill, 5, Crouch Street. Service: Evening, 6-30.

COSELEY: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. Henry Eachus. Services: 11 and 6-30.

CRADLEY: Netherend Chapel.
Minister: [Vacant.] Services 11 and 6-30.

DUDLEY: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. A. H. Shelley. Services: 11 and 6-30.

EVESHAM: Oat Street Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. Rudolf Davis. Services: 11 and 6-30.

KIDDERMINSTER:
Minister: Rev. E. D. Priestley Evans. Services: 10-30 and 6-30.

KINGSWOOD: Kingswood Chapel, Hollywood.
Minister: Rev. J. Hardinge Matthews. Services: 11 and 6-30.

LOUGHBOROUGH: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. H. Haycock, Beacon Road. Services: 10-45 and 6-30.

OLDBURY: Unitarian Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. Henry McKean, The Dingle, Oldbury. Services: 11 and 6-30.

SHREWSBURY: High Street Church.
Minister: Rev. E. Myers, F.G.S., Claremont Hill. Services: 11 and 6-30.

STOURBRIDGE: Presbyterian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. A. W. Timmis. Services: 11 and 6-30. Annual Sermons on August 12th, at 3-30 o'clock by Rev. C. C. Coe.

TAMWORTH: Cole Hill Chapel.
Minister: Rev. J. Howard, 17, Aldergate. Services: 11 and 6-30.

THE LYE: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. I. Wrigley, B.A. Service: 6-30.

WALSALL. Unitarian Free Church.
Minister: Rev. Peter Dean, 3, Sandwell Street. Services: 11-15 and 6-30.

WEST BROMWICH: Lodge Road Chapel.
Minister: Rev. John Harrison Jesson Street. Services: 11 and 6-30.

WHITCHURCH: Church of the Saviour.
Minister: Rev. George Eyre Evans, Doddington Parsonage. Services: 11, 2-15 for Children, 6-30.

WOLVERHAMPTON: Unity Church, Snow Hill.
Minister: Rev. L. G. Harris Crook, Oaklands Road. Services: 11 and 6-30.